

The TATLER

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London
July 25, 1945



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Way of the World

By Simon Harcourt-Smith

Hitler In South America

THE reports of Hitler and Eva Braun landing in Patagonia from a furtive U-boat fill me with unease. Not for fear of what mischief the broken Fuehrer may still be up to doing. Obviously German ambitions must find an instrument less compromised than him for any further rowdiness; but at the thought of the dreary playground which the very uncertainty of his death will furnish to historical novelist, impostor, and Hollywood tycoon.

Royal Impostors

WHENEVER a great figure disappears without a death certificate properly attested, legends and impostures plague the world. Barbarossa in his tedious mountain, the Belgian Perkin Warbeck pretending to be one of the smothered Little English Princes, the False Demitris who brought such endless misery on Russia three centuries ago. Then, the strange case of the Reverend Eleazar Williams, missionary to the Indians of Wisconsin, where a son of Louis Philippe found him in 1841.

The Rev. Eleazar Williams

THE Bourbon family seem to have been convinced that he was indeed the lost Louis XVII of France, decorously grown-up version of the tragic little Dauphin who is supposed to have perished in the Temple. Williams' face showed a ponderous and vacant goodness highly reminiscent of Louis XVI, he carried the proper scars and shivered at a portrait of Simon, the gaoler who had so unmercifully bullied the poor little captive prince. And in 1848 an old Frenchman on his

deathbed in New Orleans confessed to having brought the Dauphin from France and placed him among the Red Indians.

Nineteenth-century Russia was haunted by the tradition of the Tsar Alexander I living on as a monk for forty-five years after his official demise. Many of us will remember the case of the woman who posed some fifteen years ago as one of the Russian Grand Duchesses, sole survivor of the Ekaterinburg slaughter. One cannot today imagine any sane man willingly posing as Hitler; but Heaven alone knows what pranks are being concocted for us by what I once found a guide-book describe as "that incorrigible jester. Fate."

East Anglian Paradise

I WONDER whether the people of Norfolk live longer, better lives than do we in the torpid south? Last week in Norwich, everything for me seemed suddenly simplified. The flashing air filled me with vigour, so that I might have been feeding on a pure diet of all the vitamins yet discovered. As I came out of the Bell Hotel, the vitality of the street life, the bustle and gaiety of the market nostalgically evoked some trim little town of Northern Italy. The stalls were piled high with scarlet and black currants, plums, gooseberries, so many flowers so cheap, my tired London eyes goggled. The only queue I saw was before an ice-cream stall, and nobody in it looked either exhausted or cross.

But apart from sparkling air and red currants Norwich possesses several grander (though hardly more important) beauties. The Assembly Rooms, for instance, the quality of whose noble mouldings Oliver Messel was the first to discern under layers of chocolate paint. He came across the Rooms when he was searching for a suitable building in which to house a camouflage school, two or three years ago. The Army are still occupying the place. But its discovery and rehabilitation are some of the few good things to come out of the war.

Crome

AT the Norwich Museum I luxuriated in the paintings of that curious "small master," John Crome (1769-1821). The elegant "still lives," his windmills silhouetted sharply against the yellow Norfolk sky breathe a tradition that seems to stretch right across the North Sea from Holland. And indeed that is as it should be. Never for long in East Anglia are you allowed to forget that here is in a way the colony of the Low Countries. The great churches brooding over shrunken villages recall the teeming populations of weavers, many of them Flemish, who prospered in Norfolk until the Black Death almost dispeopled the county. The houses with their high curved gables afford almost a background for a Breughal.

Blickling

BUT for me Norfolk above all is associated with happy days of shooting at Blickling, the Lothians' great house, just before the war, when Ronnie Tree and Bill Astor had it. With the exception of Bramshill and Hardwicke, Elizabethan and Jacobean houses are hardly my cup of tea. But I must say, to arrive by night at Blickling, to see this fabulous façade spring out of the darkness on to the beams of your headlights is an intense and unforgettable sensation.

Casals

I WAS taken the other night to hear Pablo Casals, the great Catalan 'cellist, broadcast in the Spanish service of the B.B.C. So used is one to seeing musicians dolled up to the nines for a concert, the spectacle of the world's most eminent 'cellist and his accompanist playing away in their shirtsleeves did not easily accommodate the eye. Broadcasting, with its remorseless clock, its maddening flashing lights, does not conjure up an atmo-

sphere ideally favourable; nor did Casals quickly loosen up his great talent. Not till the fourth piece, a lovely Catalan air, did he get really going, and then it was time for him to stop. But an extraordinary experience still lay ahead of us. He spoke to the Spanish people over the microphone in Castilian; then he began to address his own countrymen in Catalan. Suddenly his quiet voice faltered, he almost stopped, his eyes filled with tears. Casals has remained in voluntary exile ever since the triumph of Franco, whose centralizing regime does not smile upon the Catalan dialect. Casals' gesture therefore was a sort of reaffirmation of faith in the vitality of that extraordinary race, at once materialistic and wildly poetic which straddles the Pyrenees from Rousillon to Tarragona.

Catalonia

WHAT a tragedy it was that the freaks of separatism allied the conservative Catalans with all the passion and extravagance of the losing side. The high tablelands of Aragon and Castille seem to call out to the Tragic Muse; but Barcelona is surely a place for sound business, and above all for graceful pleasure. The Ramblas bursting with flowers, exquisite dishes of prawns and baby octopus, and the dreamlike architecture of Gaudi, perhaps the only original architecture this century has yet produced. Most travellers in Spain know Gaudi's great cathedral at Barcelona, the Sagrada Familie, with its openwork spires that look as if they should be filled with whipped cream. I almost



Richardson, Worcester

Black Cat for Luck

Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, National Conservative candidate for the Kidderminster Division, has a lucky black cat mascot which was given to him twenty-two years ago during his first election campaign. He has kept it on the front of his car during every polling day ever since then

prefer some of his apartment houses that seem to ripple down the boulevards as if on a heat haze.

The V. & A. Museum Reopens

MR. LEIGH ASHTON has begun brilliantly as Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The exhibition of European and English art up to the reign of James I, with which the Museum properly reopens, allows one to see for the first time objects not hemmed in by classes and categories. Here you get the full sweep of history; here such familiar bits of fantasy as the Canning jewel take on a beauty entirely fresh.

The legend of the Canning jewel haunted my childhood. This scrumptious baroque pearl, fashioned into a merman and set with incomparable richness, is said to have been a present to the Great Mogul from a sixteenth-century Medici. The Viceroy Canning bought it in India more than a hundred years ago, and eventually it passed into the hands of the eccentric last Marquess of Clanricarde. I can just remember him, the most classic image of a miser I am ever likely to see. The seedy figure, boots tied up with string, bowler hat shining

Their First Meeting

President Truman is seen greeting Mr. Churchill at Potsdam, the scene of the first meeting between the Prime Minister and the U.S. President. The first formal session of the Big Three took place on July 17





Farewell Good Wishes

Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten is seen saying good-bye at Kandy, Ceylon, to A/M Sir Guy Garrod, who was leaving to take up his appointment as C.-in-C. of the R.A.F. in the Mediterranean and Middle East, and Deputy to the Air C.-in-C. Mediterranean and Allied Air Forces



Investiture in Burma

Maj.-Gen. Festing, D.S.O., commander of the British 36th Airborne Division, presented medals to officers and men after the capture of Mongmit. He is seen decorating Maj. C. C. Oakes with the ribbon of the M.B.E. The decorations were won earlier in the campaign



General Visits War Memorial

Lt.-Gen. Sir A. F. P. Christison (right), commander of the 15th Indian Corps, who is seen with Maj.-Gen. Wood, commanding the 25th Division (left), and the O.C. the Yorks and Lancs came to visit the memorial erected in memory of men of the Yorks and Lancs regiment who were killed in action in the Arakan in 1944

like a salver, eating lunch out of a dirty newspaper on a bench in Hyde Park, was not easy to link in one's childish mind with one of the handsomest private fortunes in the kingdom. When my nurse dragged me past him, he offered me a bedraggled crust, as if I were a small bird. My nurse, who was even more of a dainty feeder than she was snob, almost ran me out of the Park.

Jean Jacques Rousseau

Last week a Rousseau manuscript, hitherto unknown, turned up in a London saleroom. It is filled with the belligerent poetry, the strange fancies, the sudden crudition of that fantastic creature. As a child I hated him for wrecking, so

I believed, my perfect eighteenth century. Now I see he was as much a part of it as the wind is of the weather. He was merely one instrument by which it might carry out its destined hara-kiri.

I like to think of him walking down the Champs-Élysées with Bernardin de Saint Pierre, arguing about the exact adjective to describe a sunset behind the square where now stands the Arc de Triomphe. For before Rousseau's day you just called a sunset "majestic" and left it at that. No writer talked of his heroine wearing a blue hat. He would merely say she was suitably hatted. The colour and richness of modern language that we take for granted was largely the invention of that crotchety Rousseau.

I always love the story of his coming to England, as guest of the gentle David Hume. Hume swamped him with the most endearing attentions, King George III flattered him, Garrick gave a special performance in his honour. Rousseau's temper grew blacker with every kindness. Finally he burst into a furious storm against Hume, swore he had heard Hume speaking against him in his sleep, had seen him look very strangely at him. On these rickety foundations Rousseau built up the engaging theory that Hume (who never hurt a fly) was plotting to kill him. A winter in Derbyshire enlarged Rousseau's suspicions to include the whole English race. Frantic with terror he fled secretly back to France. . . .



Eight V.C.s and Two George Crosses at the Next of Kin Investiture at Buckingham Palace

At the Palace to receive the D.F.C. awarded to her brother, the late S/L A. S. Pinhorn, was Lieutenant Nursing Sister Wendy Pinhorn, who came with her aunt, Miss Blackwell, M.B.E.

Mrs. Richard Jessel, with her sister, Mrs. Wansbrough, attended the investiture to receive the O.B.E. won by her brother, the late Lt.-Cmdr. (A) Sir George Lewis, R.N.V.R., who was the third baronet

Accompanied by her father-in-law, Dr. H. Randle, Mrs. John N. Randle came to receive her husband's decoration. She is wife of the V.C., the late Captain J. N. Randle of the Royal Norfolk Regiment

Myself at the Pictures

A Mixed Bag

By James Agate

I WENT the other evening to a charming little cinema in the Tottenham Court Road where they were showing an old film called *Nitchevo* with that great actor Harry Baur. The film itself, of which I saw an English version some years ago, is perhaps no great shakes. But it does prove once more the superiority on the screen of facts to emotion. The long sequence showing the entombment of the men in the submarine lying at the bottom of the ocean and their subsequent deliverance is vastly more moving than that triangular misunderstanding between the Captain, his Lieutenant and the Captain's wife. What a magnificent actor Baur is; here is power of the kind possessed in this country only by Frederick Valk. It is a power that seems for the moment lost to the English stage.

As I came away an old idea repeated itself in my brain. Why is it so difficult to see these old foreign films again? Why, amongst

films. Let there be two different films each week. Let the present generation see some of the masterpieces which delighted us in the halcyon days before the war. Let us even have some of the old foreign silent films; many of them would wipe the current trash clean off the screen. Yes, let us have such a theatre. The only obstacle that I can see is, perhaps, a trifling one. No one would go.

BUT our fickle cinemagoers might patronize another form of revival. This is a theatre where British and American successes of years ago could be revived. It would give the student who has no opportunity to compare the stars of today with the stars of yesterday an opportunity of seeing performances by the great actors and actresses of the past, Chaplin, Fairbanks, Valentino, Garbo, Dressler, Gish, and many others. You shake your head, reader? You say that people wouldn't go across the road to see a revival of *Way Down East* or *The Blue Angel*, whereas



Mr. G. B. Shaw who celebrates his eighty-ninth birthday on July 26th, was photographed with Mr. Gabriel Pascal, the Producer-Director of the film version of his play, "Caesar and Cleopatra." They are seen in the garden of Mr. G. B. Shaw's home at Ayot-St.-Lawrence



29 Acacia Avenue is the film version of the very successful play, in which Gordon Harker still plays his original part of Mr. Robinson. The story is of a typical suburban family who are about to embark on a holiday cruise. However, the son, Peter (Jimmy Hanley) cries off because he is having an affair with an alluring married woman (Carla Lehmann), and the daughter, Joan (Jill Evans) states that she has just become engaged. Complications begin when Mr. and Mrs. Robinson (Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour) play a trick on their children and go to Bognor instead. The children think they are well out of the way, and when their parents return unexpectedly there are some tiffs all round, ending in a high comedy climax. Left: Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour and Jill Evans. Right: Jimmy Hanley, Carla Lehmann

the multitude of London cinemas, are there so few revivals. We have the Academy, certainly, and Studio One, this excellent Carlton, and one or two suburban cinemas. But otherwise many masterpieces of the past are, as far as the more expensive kind of cinema public is concerned, just dead and buried. In the past it was better; we had the Embassy at Notting Hill Gate, which showed a number of the best French and German films of a bygone age. We had the Forum in Villiers Street, where I saw *Battleship Potemkin* and other splendid specimens of Russian cinematography. But now? Let some enterprising firm devote one of their houses entirely to the revival of the best foreign

they will walk ten miles to see Netta Nitwit expose her million-dollar legs in some new technicoloured inanity? Well, perhaps you're right.

THE other day I read a delightful article in the *Manchester Guardian*. It was by Neville Cardus apropos of the appeal of the Lancashire County Cricket Club for £100,000 to rebuild the Pavilion, destroyed by enemy action. Neville wrote: "I can remember the first time I ever went to Old Trafford on a June morning in 1899. Old Trafford was almost in the country, Stretford was a village, and there was no British Westinghouse. At the top of Warwick Road stood the Botanical

Gardens. For some reason gardens of the kind were then supposed to serve as a means towards culture amongst the masses." Well do I remember those Botanical Gardens. I was a small boy, it was Saturday afternoon, and my father was taking me to see Lancashire play Australia. As the hansom drove up we met the crowd coming away; the match was over. We spent the afternoon in the Botanical Gardens, since when I have loathed all flower shows. Neville goes on to describe how "in 1896 Ranjitsinhji performed one of his most Oriental conjurations against the Australian fast bowler Ernest Jones; he flicked greased lightning off his left ear for fours down to fine leg, strokes bewitched,

rendering velocity visible and luminous." The old story. Neville didn't see that innings, and I did! Yet his description of Ranji's batting on that occasion is better than I could manage if I tried for a year.

HAVING spent the morning at Lord's watching the Third Test Match I hid me in the evening to *Salome—Where She Danced* at the Leicester Square, an appalling film about Generals Grant and Lee and a Viennese bubble-dancer who was lured to a mining town in California where she sang "Der Tannenbaum," accepted the offer of a Rembrandt, and went off in a Chinese junk the captain of which spoke with a Scotch accent, having been a medical student in Edinburgh! There were a lot of horses in this film, and in the middle of a coaching episode I left. Went to supper at the Café Royal and then read myself to sleep with *Dombey and Son*. That night I had a terrible nightmare in which Paul Dombey, who appeared to be me, went straight from his christening to Lord's where he bowled out the Australian captain, was promptly lassoed by a Chinese thug and hanged from the clock tower of the Pavilion at Old Trafford!

SPENT the following morning looking at the kind of thing Hollywood does so well—that indoor naturalism which the theatre has never attempted. A young woman is packing,

and talking to a young man who is sitting on a frock she has left on a chair. Without interrupting the conversation she jerks it from under him, while he thrutches himself to release the garment equally without apology. On the stage this wouldn't be possible; no leading lady would brook interference with the sweep of her elegant gestures. *Blood On The Sun* is an admirable film all about the Japanese plan to conquer the world, a plan which the Japanese Premier has conveniently got on one side of a sheet of foolscap. Very fast-moving, with a terrific display of uniforms, cherry trees in blossom, highly-placed officers committing hara-kiri. There is the best film-fight I have seen. In this James Cagney defeats an opponent, who can give him six inches and two stone, by a wonderful combination of ju-jitsu, *la savate* and boxing according to the Queensberry Rules. Swift-moving, and some good terse dialogue between the journalist and the sorceress Iris (Sylvia Sidney) who is apparently a mixture of Fedora and Mata Hari, but a decent American girl at heart. "You're making a play for me," says Cagney. "Maybe I like your looks," says Iris. "Not with this," says Cagney pointing to his dial. "You never know," says Iris, "red hair does something to me." And Cagney says: "Grew it for you." This may not be as elegant as the Beatrice and Benedick stuff, but it's over quicker, and in a first-class thriller the less billing and cooing the better.



Salome—Where She Danced introduces the glamorous new dancing star, Yvonne de Carlo, who is seen defying outlaw Cleve Blount (David Bruce) when he holds up her performance. The story moves from 1865 Germany with its glitter of Prussian uniforms to the Wild West and the tawdry finery of 19th-century San Francisco



Nick Condon returns home to find his friend Ollie has been brutally murdered by the Japs and is determined to seek vengeance on them (James Cagney, Wallace Ford)



Nick is in possession of an important war plan belonging to Premier Tanaka (John Emery) and finds himself in a pretty tight spot in the Premier's home

"Blood On The Sun"

Murder, Thunder And Intrigue
In Pre-War Japan

● *Blood On The Sun* gives James Cagney one of his hard hitting, fast moving parts that he does so well, and also includes the welcome return of Sylvia Sidney who has not been seen on the screen for some time. It is the story of a newspaper man, played by James Cagney, who gets possession of an important Japanese plan on the conquest of China. After many adventures in the true Cagney manner he succeeds in exposing the plan before the world.



Nick falls in love with Iris (Sylvia Sidney) although he is suspicious of her being a Jap secret agent



Though he is shot down and wounded, Nick finally manages to expose the Jap plan, and returns to America safely

The Theatre

"Duet For Two Hands" (Lyric)

GOOD acting glosses over a multitude of faults. Most of the faults of this ghost story of medical science can be accounted for by Miss Mary Hayley Bell's stick-at-nothing determination to write a good acting-play. And if you are specially susceptible to good acting Mr. John Mills and his company will waft you breathlessly over what to the less susceptible will appear as ugly patches of clumsy "whimsey" and the occasional welter of psychological complications.

It must be allowed that things which could never happen on the Scottish mainland do happen with horrid effect in an old house on the Orkneys. One of the two girls who inhabit the house has never been to the mainland. She is naturally a little "fey" as well as very beautiful, and it is by no means odd that she and the handsome young poet who has come to the island for the first time should share memories of a childhood spent together. But the young poet is strangely unhappy. He has ceased to write poetry and the drying up within him of a once gushing spring of happy inspiration has something to do with his hands. They can scarcely be called his hands, for on to arms injured in an accident a brilliant surgeon has grafted the hands of another man. To the surgeon's annoyance, the poet is always looking for the other man. Yet he is assured that the other man is dead. And the hands insist upon playing on the piano a particular air which strikes terror into the heart of the "fey" island girl and increases the annoyance of the doctor.

playing the injured poet, gives his audience very little time to think ahead of him. "How potent cheap music can be!" remarks a character in *Private Lives*; and how potent can cheap pathos also be when it is put across with Mr. Mills's easy mastery. The visit of the Comédie Française to London has brought to the boil the widespread indignation set simmering by Dame Lilian Braithwaite's gentle suggestion that English actors have lost the art of making themselves audible. No critic has ever accused Mr. Mills of slovenly utterance.

He has one of the most beautiful voices on the stage and he uses it so that his seeming whispers can be heard at the back of the gallery. Not only does he speak the part of the young poet well but he gives potent reality to the morbid horror of a sensitive nature which feels itself to have been contaminated, and he contrives also to give fine dramatic shape to the idea of a mind divided between the hideous suspicion that his hands are the hands of a murderer and the instructive belief that the personality which has invaded his own is not, after all, evil.

It seems possible that the knot of doubt and suspicion would never be untied in any plausible manner but for the surgeon's sudden insistence on tasting once again a mysterious brew of which the Orkneys alone have the secret. "Drink, bonniman, drink!" wrote Sir Max Beerbohm in a parody of Elizabethan orgies, adding the stage-direction: "Shows signs of instant intoxication." The island brew instantly reveals the surgeon as a bundle of nervous weaknesses, chief among them being a hatred of life and a passionate desire to succeed in life. Mr. Elwyn Brook-Jones has not perhaps all the brutal force which the part requires, but taking his own highly strung, peevishly petulant line he does remarkably well until the final show-down when the gentle zephyr of his villainy is scarcely fit to contend with the magnificent ferocity of Mr. Mills's avenging blast. Miss Mary Morris, as the island child of nature, has a poorish part but she plays it in a manner which shows clearly that she is an actress of whom more will be heard. And Miss Elspeth March gives a colourless, necessary character her full value.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.

Sketches by
Tom Titt

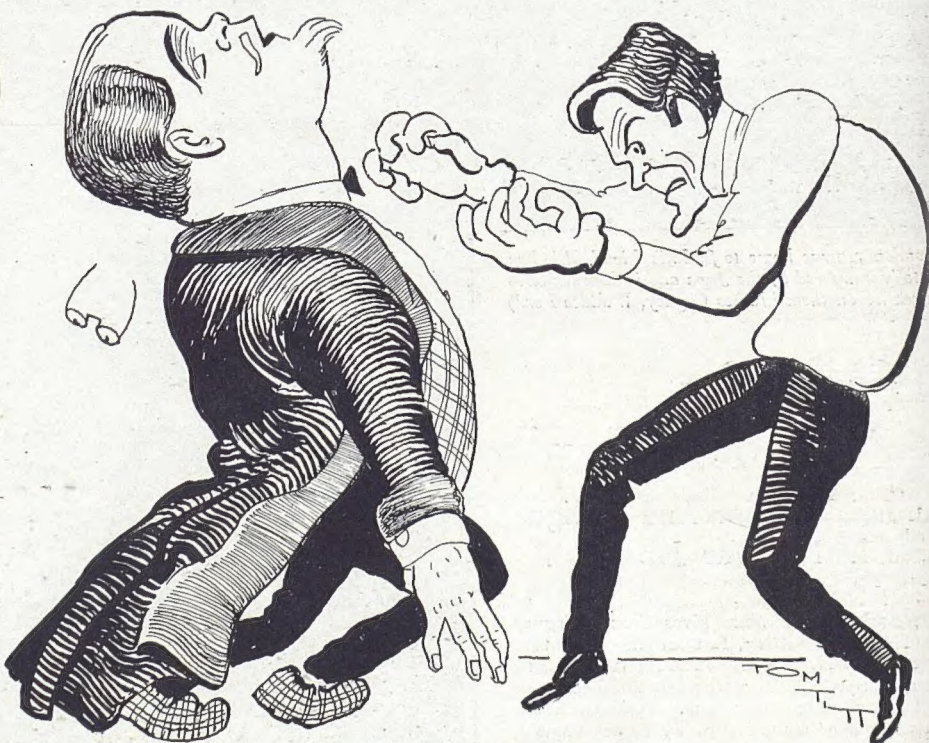


Brotherly Love: Edward Sarclet, brilliant surgeon, hears that his latest operation has brought him world-wide fame. He sends sister Herda off to the kitchen to make her special punch (Elwyn Brook-Jones, Elspeth March)



Daughterly Indignation: Abigail Sarclet is told of her father's achievement, but is indignant when she learns of the means he employed (Mary Morris, Elwyn Brook-Jones)

Now all this—as a mystery—hardly bears thinking about, especially if you happen to remember an old silent film in which the hands of a murderer were grafted on to some other decent fellow's arms. But Mr. Mills,



Untimely End: Stephen Cass, maddened by thoughts of the man whose hands he now possesses, threatens Sarclet. The shock to Sarclet is so great that he has a stroke and dies (Elwyn Brook-Jones and John Mills)



Act I. of the "Coppelia" ballet is seen here with its splendid dancing of the mazurka, and bright galaxy of peasant costumes. Margot Fonteyn and Alexis Rassine are Swanilda and Franz

A Dual Cast for "Coppelia"

The Famous Three-Act Ballet Produced
by the Sadler's Wells Company



Gordon Hamilton seen as the doddering old doll-maker Dr. Coppélius, a role also played by Robert Helpmann



Seen here are Harold Turner as Franz, and Pamela May as Swanilda, in the first Act



In the alternative cast the similar parts are danced by Margot Fonteyn and Alexis Rassine

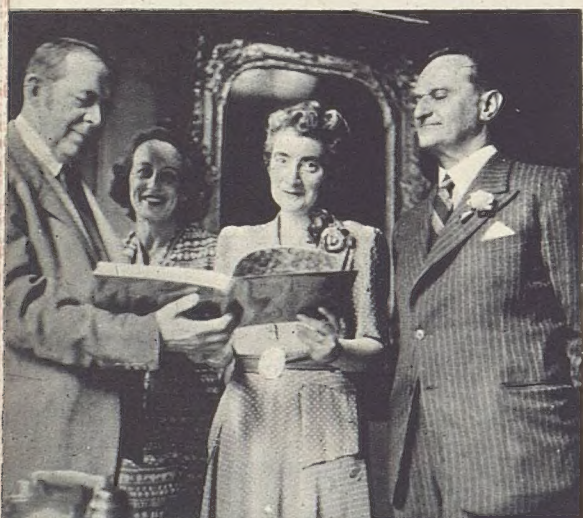
● The Sadler's Wells Ballet, who made a welcome return to their old home at Sadler's Wells last night, formerly had a very successful run at the New Theatre earlier this year. The colourful three-act ballet *Coppelia*, which is seen on this page, was first produced in its entirety in April of 1940, with Mary Honer and Robert Helpmann in the roles of Swanilda and Franz. The company toured on the Continent for ENSA during February and March of this year, where they received a great reception both in Brussels and in Paris

Photographs by Edward Mandinian



Married in London

Major T. A. O'Brien, R.A., elder son of the late Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. A. J. O'Brien, married Miss Phyllis Mary Tew, twin daughter of the late Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. E. G. Tew, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The Rev. R. W. H. Moline officiated



Brodrick Vernon

Masterpieces of 17th-Centy. Dutch Painting

Dr. Tancred Borenius was looking through the catalogue with Mr. Eugene Slatter, whom he has helped to organise the exhibition. With them were Mrs. Slatter (centre) and Mrs. Valerie Buchler



Chatting comfortably in the theatre were Mrs. Bowes Daly and Sir Ulick Alexander, who is Keeper of the Privy Purse and Treasurer to H.M. the King



The Duke of Alba, who is the Spanish Ambassador to this country, was in the foyer with Constance Duchess of Westminster



Chairman of the organising committee, Lady Ravensdale, who had been presented with a lovely bouquet, was with Lady Wadia

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The President's Visit

HOSTESSES in London wanting to plan and prepare parties in honour of the visit of President Truman waited eagerly and long for the announcement of the date of his arrival, and the delay in making known the date that would give them the "go-ahead" signal was due not to over-anxious security officers, but to the simple fact that no one quite knew how long the talks in Berlin between Mr. Churchill, Mr. Truman and Marshal Stalin would continue, and the President's London visit was, of course, dependent on this.

Dinners, dances, garden-parties and other entertainments are being arranged to mark the first visit of an American President to London since the last war, and American residents here, anxious to do some entertaining on their own account, have found themselves embarrassed by the spate of invitations, official and unofficial.

At Buckingham Palace, where Mr. Truman will stay for the first three days of his visit, all was in readiness for his arrival some weeks ago, and the Queen herself supervised all the arrangements for his comfort, as well as those for the more formal official entertainments.

End of the Season

WITH the President's visit and the coming State Opening of Parliament, for which early-rising Londoners have already seen rehearsals, the first post-European War "season" looks to be ending in a blaze of almost pre-war glory, and prospects for the Scottish "season" are better than any for six years past. Their Majesties are planning to travel north to Balmoral a day or two after the opening of Parliament, and the Princesses will go with them, to stay in the Highlands until the middle of September. Queen Mary is also hoping to leave London for a few weeks at about the same time, but Her Majesty will go, not to the North, but to Norfolk, where the King has put Appleton House, once the home of Queen Maud of Norway, at her disposal. Appleton House was used throughout the war by the King and Queen instead of Sandringham House as their Norfolk home, and they spent many happy days

in this small house, which had the wartime advantage of being easy to run with a small staff.

French Soirée

THE French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli gave a delightful soirée at the French Embassy at Lowndes House (formerly the home of Sir John and Lady Latta) to meet members of the Comédie Française during their very successful season at the New Theatre. The reception rooms on the ground floor were thrown open, and as the little garden had been covered in and lit up for the evening, the guests were able to stroll in and out of the French windows enjoying a breath of fresh air on a lovely summer evening.

It was one of the first big private parties to be held since VE-Day, and all the women wore their prettiest dresses, mostly with long skirts, and the majority of the men were in dinner jackets. It was quite a change to see only one man in uniform; that was Gen. Noiret, the French Military Attaché, who was deep in conversation with Lady Phipps, the popular wife of Sir Eric Phipps, our Ambassador in Paris from 1937-39. Mme. Massigli looked very attractive wearing a heavily-embroidered tunic dress in brown and white, and received her guests in the charming drawing-room which, like all the other rooms, was fragrant with summer flowers. There were many members of the Diplomatic Corps present, including the Turkish Ambassador and his wife, who wore an attractive spotted dress. M. and Mme. Roche came together, the latter in a white slipper-satin dress made with a very full skirt. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys was another wearing slipper satin; hers was black, and made out of a dress which belonged to her grandmother. Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, wearing his usual white buttonhole, was there too. The Earl and Countess of Abingdon arrived when the party was in full swing and were soon surrounded by many friends; Lady Juliet Duff was sitting in the garden chatting to Mr. Cecil Beaton; and the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes lived up to her reputation of being one of the best-dressed women. She wore a black lace dress with a very full skirt, some small flowers in her hair and a lace shawl over her head which

Film Premiere: "The Affairs of Susan," in Aid of St. Mary's Hospital

fell to the hem of her dress. Mlle. Mony Dalmes, one of the younger members of the Comédie Française, looked enchanting in a spotted crinoline dress. There was great disappointment that Mlle. Marie Bell, one of the favourite stars of the company, was in great pain with a wisdom tooth and unable to come to the party. Miss Mary Phipps, the younger of Sir Eric and Lady Phipps's two daughters, was chatting to Miss Maureen Ghyka. Miss Phipps is in the W.R.N.S., and is now working at the Admiralty. Others at the party were Lady Dashwood, Mme. Beatrice Bretty, M. Pierre Dux, M. André, the popular French Press Attaché, Sir Kenneth Clark, Col. de Rancourt and his charming wife, M. Paris, Mlle. Catherine Fontenoy, Mme. Germaine Rouer and Mr. Leslie Banks.

Musical Party

THERE was another delightful party a few days later when Mrs. Washington-Singer was "at home" for tea and music at the Dorchester, where she now makes her home. After a very delicious tea, Mr. Albert Ferber, the clever young Swiss pianist, played quite beautifully, and Miss Arabella Tulloch accompanied herself on the piano and sang some enchanting

French songs. Mr. Ferber's programme included the famous "Warsaw Concerto," chosen especially by the hostess, as it is one of her favourites, two studies by Chopin, Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," and ended with some of Rachmaninoff's Preludes. Mr. Ferber was a pupil of Rachmaninoff, and plays with a lot of his former master's feeling.

Mrs. Washington-Singer had her two attractive daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Hennessey and Mrs. Alan Stephen, helping to entertain her guests, who included such real music-lovers as Lady Sassoon, Lady Mulleneux-Grayson, Lady Shakespeare, Lady Hamond-Graeme, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Lady Lilian Boyd, Lady Katherine Lambton and Mrs. Warren-Pearl. Lady McLean, who was there with Sir Francis, wore a short purple coat over her black dress; Mrs. Howard Wyndham sat for tea with Lord and Lady Ebbisham; the Dowager Lady Swaythling, in her St. John uniform, was chatting to Mrs. Lloyd Jones, an attractive Australian who, with her husband, has flown over on a short visit to this country. She told me they were lucky enough to be in New York when Gen. Eisenhower made his triumphal return. It was a wonderful sight,

but Mrs. Lloyd Jones considers the most exciting moment of their trip was when they were introduced to Mr. Winston Churchill a few days before he went for his short and well-earned rest. Others at the party were the Estonian Minister and Mme. Torma, Col. and Mrs. Kenyon-Slaney, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Lady Butterfield, Lady Muriel Gore-Brown, Lady Alexander, Mrs. Macnoughton, Lady Trent and Mme. Preiswerch.

Eton and Harrow

THE Eton and Harrow match was again played at Eton, a one-day match. During the war years these matches have been played alternately at Eton and Harrow, but with the war in Europe over, there is every reason to expect that next year it will once again be a two-day fixture at Lord's. It was a most interesting match this year, Eton winning by six wickets after it had looked as if the weather would rob them of a victory, a feature of the match being the batting of the two captains, M. N. Garnett and P. D. S. Blake. Blake, who is qualifying to play for Sussex, has shown wonderful form as a batsman this season, and the critics forecast a bright future for his cricket. As usual, there

(Concluded on page 122)



Personalities at the Committee Meeting for the Premiere of "Incendiary Blonde"

Lieut.-General Sir Henry Pownall and Lady Pownall were at the committee meeting held in connection with the Gala premiere of the film, which took place on the 19th of this month

President of the premiere committee for "Incendiary Blonde" was the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, C.B.E. Lady Carisbrooke is the daughter of the second Earl of Lonsborough

The Hon. Mrs. Reg. Fellowes, whose husband is a son of the second Baron De Ramsey, was deep in conversation with the Hon. Lady Stanley

Swaebe



Officers of the Third Parachute Battalion Give a Dance at the Dorchester

Having a drink between dances were Lieut.-Col. R. T. H. Lonsdale, D.S.O., M.C., C.O. of the regiment, who was with his fiancée, Miss Yvonne Perry, and Maj. Pat Street, M.C.

Capt. Ronald and Mrs. Thesiger were sitting in front of a very original mural decoration which was an extended parachute. Mrs. Thesiger is a sister of the Countess of Dudley

Lord St. Levan's younger son, the Hon. Oliver Piers St. Aubyn, was chatting to Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy

Swaebe



Resting in the Shade: David Stratton, Lord Howland, Nicholas Hollway, Bill Mond, Richard Thorne, Capt. K. Holyroyd, Mrs. Stratton, Alan Cook, Jack Ainslie, Lady Tavistock, Mrs. A. C. Thorne, Miss Yolande Holyroyd. They were all members of Lady Tavistock's very happy luncheon-party



Walking in the Long Grass: Lord and Lady Birkenhead and their son, Viscount Furneaux



Mother and Son: Mrs. Kingslake Tower saw her son, A. R. S. Tower (Harrow's wicket-keeper), play a very useful game with his captain at the last wicket



Harrow Batsmen: M. N. Garnett, the Harrow captain, played a brilliant not-out innings. He is with P. B. Blackwell

Cricket on Agar's Plough

Eton Win the Sixth War-time Match Against Harrow

● The Eton and Harrow match, played in shower and brilliant sunshine, was distinguished by the outstanding play of the two captains, M. N. Garnett, of Harrow, and P. D. S. Blake, of Eton. Both were unbeaten, Garnett carrying his bat at 82 and Blake at 76. The match resulted in a win for Eton by six wickets



Grandstand View: Mrs. Tremlett, Major-General Tremlett, John Tremlett, Angus Campbell-Gray, a girl friend, and (on ground) Elizabeth Tremlett



Stepping Out: Mr. and Mrs. Hyde-Thomson were walking round with their son, P. C. Hyde-Thomson, who played for Harrow



Father and Son: J. A. Glynn-Percy made a useful ten for Harrow. He is with his father



The Powers That Be: Mr. C. A. Elliott, Headmaster of Eton, Mr. P. W. Moore, Headmaster of Harrow, and Sir Henry Martin, Provost of Eton



Tête-à-Tête: The Hon. Grania Guinness, daughter of the late Lord Moyne, and Lord Dunboyne



Threesome: Mr. Gerald Wyndham walking to the field after lunch with Lord and Lady Andrew Cavendish



Prepared for Rain: Col. Lord Cromwell and Lady Cromwell came prepared for the changeable weather. They are with their son, David



Under the Trees: The Earl and Countess of Limerick with their two sons, Viscount Glentworth and the Hon. Michael Pery, and Miss Mitchell



Military Escort: Lady Dashwood was escorted to the field by Capt. Alexander Beattie



Taller than Mother: Mrs. Peter Acland was at the match with her two tall sons, J. and A. Acland



Luncheon Interval: Mrs. Brenda Loder walked round with Simon Loder, Miss Gillian Loder and Jim Macdonald-Buchanan

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ONE of the more exciting anti-invasion secrets has yet to be fully divulged by the Government, we observed during a recent look-see round the South Coast.

In 1939-40 every pleasure-pier along that coast, and possibly elsewhere, was severed in half, leaving a gap midway of some 15 or 20 yards. From this our old ex-Staff-College chum "Beachcomber" has already guessed the main tactical idea, namely that the Germans, having landed on the far end, would push feverishly on till they came to the gap, when increasing pressure from the rear would cause them to fall over, till the entire invading force had met a miserable death. Actually, a War Box chap was telling us, the scheme was far subtler, and devised by a leading Harley Street psychologist to awake, excite, and frustrate that "sexual nerve-stimulation and ecstasy of the Power-Instinct" which, according to Emil Ludwig, is the secret of Wagner's power over the German nation. Landing on any South Coast pier, the Boche would encounter:

1. Gay but faded remains of posters advertising the (absent) Winky-Dinkies, twice daily; a lost Venusberg, a vanished Walpurgis-Night.
2. Empty automatic machines hinting at luxuries (such as matches and chocolate), evidently indulged in with nonchalant abandon.

3. Automatic machines offering tantalising glimpses of a locked and luscious world known only to a master-race with pennies to spend: "Up in Mabel's Room"; "What Tommy Saw in Paris"; "Harem Nights"; "Whoops, Girls!"

4. If at Brighton, artistic working-models, including a world-famous one showing a gentleman with classic features being hanged by the State.

Reaction

REALISATION of the infinite reserves of imperial power behind this display of gracious, rich, free, careless neo-Renaissance culture would drop Boche morale to zero. If they got over the gap (doubtful) they would be feeling dazed, frustrated, envious, small, vexed, hot, awkward, cheap, apologetic, and already half-defeated. The Harley Street hon. colonel responsible for this scheme has already been given a peerage, this chap added.

Tsigane

A CHAP alleging recently that the romantic attributes of the Romany have been grossly exaggerated by poets and booksy boys was probably right about the Lovells,



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"As a matter of fact, Sir, it is dishwasher"

the Hearnies, and the Boswells, but he erred to some extent in the case of the wild Faas of Galloway.

It was the Faas from the hills who three centuries ago magicked Lady Cassilis away with their piping, as recorded in one of the loveliest of ballads.

'Twas late that night when her lord came home,
Inquiring for his lady, O;
The servants say on every hand
"She's gone with the raggle-taggle gipsies, O!"

Naturally that is only the romantic half of the story. How a *gajo* like Lady Cassilis got on with the Faas for the rest of her life may easily be conjectured. She would be well beaten. The women of the tribe would cut her dead. She would have nobody to hook her up behind. Few of the neighbouring gentry would call. She would have to carry pots and pans for her gipsy lord. When she found and rang a bell nobody would answer—a subtly annoying Romany trick adopted by the first all-Romany Congress at Les-Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer. Lord Cassilis would decline to reply to notes asking him to please to send on the pink, the grey, and the black velvet with ruffled sleeves. The Cassilis footmen, if she called at the back door with a basket of pegs, would describe her later as "a person." The wind and the rain would get down her neck. Lady Cassilis would, in fact, be permanently in a spot, and nobody would be interested, since Lady Eleanor Smith was as yet unborn. The moral is obviously that be it never so gorgeous, there's no place like home (or, as they say in Lancashire, Hulme).

Call

CONTEMPLATING an advertisement for a new kind of mustard, we found ourselves longing to be in the

(Concluded on page 110)

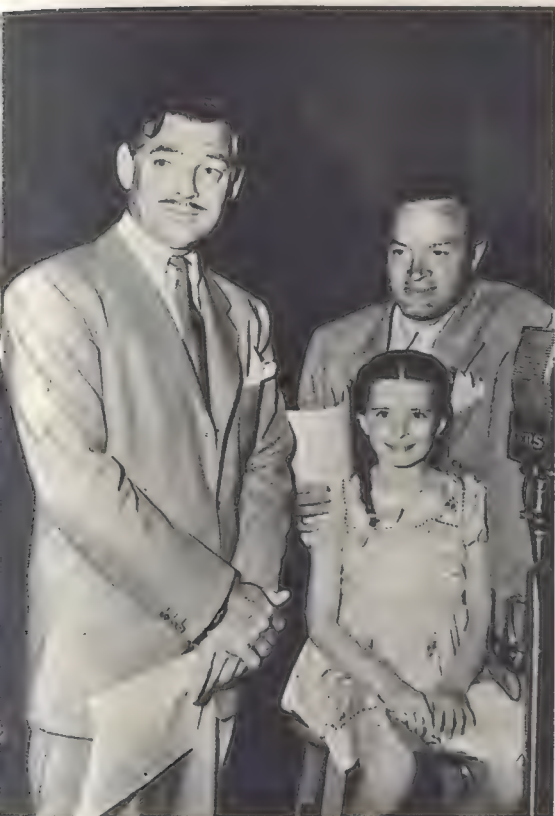


REED.

"What I like about this place is that soupçon of the bizarre"

Hollywood Highlights

The Stars of the Film World
at Work and Play



Two men and a girl: Clark Gable recently returned to Hollywood after his war service in the U.S.A.A.F.; Bob Hope and that very talented little Margaret O'Brien were doing a spot of broadcasting



A star quartette: Kay Kyser, famous American band-leader of film and radio fame, Pat Friday, Gary Cooper and Edward G. Robinson were getting together to rehearse for one of their frequent short-wave broadcasts to men of the armed forces



Two jokers: Crackpot comedian Jack Benny and Danny Kaye had a good laugh over one of Jack Benny's famous jokes, while dining at the Romanoff Café



Anglo-American relations: British-born film-star Greer Garson was getting on well with director Victor Fleming while relaxing off the set



Hollywood Cocktail-Party in Aid of Lord Louis Mountbatten's Commando Benevolent Fund

Sir Aubrey Smith, who is seen having a cheerful conversation with Mrs. Mildred Shay Steele and Allan Hale, was a sponsor, with Viscountess Furness, Dame May Whitty and Lady Mendl, at the cocktail-party held as a prelude to a series of cricket matches for the benefit of the Fund

Together at the party were Anita Calby and Cary Grant who gave a very fine performance in "None But the Lonely Heart," which is one of his latest films to be seen over here

Ann Richards was admiring Lady Mendl's miniature poodle, who seemed to be rather overcome by such glamorous company. Lady Mendl was one of the sponsors of the party

Standing By ...

(Continued)

mustard racket, manufacturing mustard in enormous quantities and waiting for the Call.

All over the world, as you know, there comes sooner or later to every mustard-manufacturer of any importance, like the call of the fairies in *Mary Rose*, the irresistible urge to make the following statement or declaration:

"It isn't the mustard they use, it's the mustard they leave on their plates."

Some mustard-manufacturers lisp this suddenly in infancy, some mutter it on their dying-beds. Very often it is breathed in adolescence—ah, youth! youth!—into the pink ears of beautiful girls. In Dijon (Burgundy), where the best French mustard is made by MM. Bornibu, Maillol, and others, a chap we know once heard it murmured in a conservatory during a ball. He said it sounded like something from one of those obscure, intense plays by François de Curel.

LUI: Ce n'est pas la moutarde qu'on mange.

ELLE: Antoine!

LUI (sombre): C'est la moutarde qu'on laisse.
(Silence.)

ELLE: Je vous aime.

Afterthought

THAT same night across the Pyrenees, no doubt, in the orange-scented dusk of a Sevillian patio, divinely-lipsing Andalucian lips were repeating "mostaza," quite exquisitely, as a cloaked, sombreroed mustard-manufacturer leaned against the tall window-bars, whispering. And to some quiet, luxurious English country-house at the same moment, maybe, the mysterious call had come as well.

"Er—Miss Rackstraw. H'rm. Er—chrn. I mean—er, hrm! Chrm!"

"Yes, Mr. Golightly?"

The old message, with a certain amount of emotional gasping, honking, whiffing, and shuffling. It gets 'em just the same in every country, a chap in close touch was telling us.

Rag

GNATS, who were recently engaging the attention of our favourite Nature boy, have a jolly trick on summer evenings of fooling the hayseed populace by imitating clouds of smoke arising from haystacks and chimneys, often causing great excitement and consternation. We'd have thought the boy would have awarded them a higher mark for this rag, which bears the Oxford stamp all over it.

Like Hollywood actors, gnats tire sooner or later of biting women. When you've bitten one you've bitten them all. But unlike Hollywood actors, who are driven by ennui into more sinister pastimes, gnats combine to derive from their romps with the hayseed not only healthy exercise but innocent fun. It must be fascinating to

view, from a great height, tiny tweedy ladies rushing frantic to the telephone, tiny rustic firemen sweating and struggling with engine and hose, tiny clergymen gesticulating, tiny sons of the soil doggedly blocking up the lanes with tiny haycarts, and tiny Min. of Agriculture narks taking notes behind tiny hedges. And maybe the Race looks more attractive from above.

Luck

ACCORDING to Professor Lundmark of Lund University, Sweden, the next sizeable war will occur in 1962. The Professor has been observing sun-spots, which are the cause of human strife. He will be able to dine out on this pronouncement for some time, we wouldn't wonder, arousing great bitterness among the world's science boys, who, as Huxley or somebody said, are as jealous as chorus-girls.

A chap tells us this regrettable weakness among the Samurai is due partly to the way in which today's infallible scientific dogma becomes tomorrow's joke, and partly to the wellknown fact that fashionable hostesses dislike the smell of acid. Scientists engaged in cleanly pursuits, such as astronomy and botany and the Higher Calculus, therefore have a marked social pull over the majority. This pull counteracts to a surprising extent the superstitious veneration scientists are



"Well, that's settled then; Gerald is to have the Foreign Office, and Claude the Colonies"

accustomed to receive from the hamfaced public, for it is only human for a tiny biologist, for example, to dislike being sniffed at by butlers, who naturally have their orders.

"If you would care to wait in the outer lobby, Sir, I will apprise Mrs. Goldenkranz of your arrival in due course."

"But I have come to dinner!"

"I beg your pardon, Sir. You were to have come to dinner."

(Here several footmen exchange a wink of pure amusement.)

"What is the meaning of this?"

"I fear, Sir, Mrs. Goldenkranz has changed her mind."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, the fact is, cully, you stink. Am I right, William?"

"That's right, Mr. Bagshaw. Frightful, it is."

He may get something brought out on a tray, or just nothing at all. So this is Progress.

V.

HAVING been the first so far as we know (as if it mattered) to note mildly, circa 1940, that the V-sign was originally a rather rude gesture, common to odious small boys and totally unsuitable to dowagers, we observe that a West End revue has now discovered this. More interesting, perhaps, would be some suggestions as to what to do with the V-sign in future, since it has become a racial habit, totem, or tabu.

One obvious post-war use, in our unfortunate view, is to convert it into the jettatore sign against the Evil Eye, especially valuable to chaps who hell around the booksy underworld and mingle with female novelists at publishers' parties. This is easier than making waxen mommets and sticking pins in them, as some terrified publishers do.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Miss Gunn—you're fired!"



Alexander Bender

“Heigh Ho! Heigh Ho! To Work We Go”

Irene Browne as a Very Hearty Medium
in Noel Coward's “Blithe Spirit”

● Miss Irene Browne is one of the few actresses to have played two entirely contrasting parts in the same play. She has been associated for over three years with Noel Coward's record-breaking comedy, *Blithe Spirit*, originally taking the part of Ruth, Charles Condomine's unlucky second wife, which she first played on tour with Ronald Squire, and then later succeeding Fay Compton in the same role in town. She left the cast for a time to return as Mme. Arcati; a part she will repeat in India and elsewhere in the Far East, when she goes there with John Gielgud and his company, to entertain the Forces with *Blithe Spirit*.

The July Sales at Newmarket

And Some of the Owners and Racegoers Who Were There



H.H. the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda was one of the biggest buyers at the Sales, and was with Mr. Bayley Reynolds, the veterinary surgeon, and Mr. Fred Armstrong



Major Oldfield was looking on with Mrs. Hawkins (left) and his wife, Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, the Earl and Countess of Dunmore's younger daughter



Inspection Parade at the Sales: a General View of the



The wife of the Earl of Halifax's son and heir, Lady Irwin, was taking a keen interest in the Sales. With her were Walter Earl, who trains her horses, and Major Lionel Montague

Major B. J. Killalea



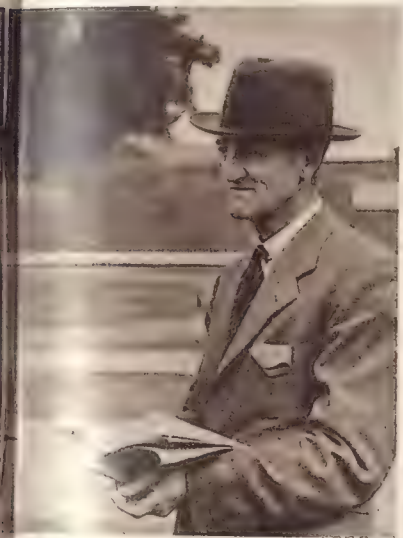
Staying up for the week were Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke. Lord Willoughby made several purchases at the Sales



Major "Vandy" Beatty, the famous trainer, was chatting to Lady Durham, who is an owner herself, as well as her husband, the Earl of Durham



Parade Ring



Mr. who is the owner of that good
Palm, and the Epsom trainer,
had been referring to their catalogues



Two regular racegoers who were taking
a keen interest in all that was going
on were Major and Mrs. Cripps

● As always, there were many keen racegoers at the July Newmarket bloodstock sales, where on the first day 140 horses changed hands for 55,555 guineas, representing an average sale price of 396 guineas. The Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda set the pace by bidding the remarkable sum of 4,600 guineas, nearly twelve times more than his registered fee of 400 guineas, for a nomination to Nearco, sire of Dante. Other purchasers were Lady Helena Hilton-Green, Lord Willoughby de Broke, who bought several horses, including a lovely two-year-old filly, Joycie, by Hyperion out of Kind Kitty, and Major Oldfield, who became the owner of three-year-old Travers



Lady Helena Hilton-Green, the youngest daughter of
Maud Countess Fitzwilliam, was another buyer, and was
walking round with Harry Cottrill, the famous trainer



Miss Jane Clayton, who is well known at Newmarket, and
who successfully carried on her brother's stable when he went
into the Welsh Guards, was having a word with Mr. Townsend



Mrs. "Nicky" Morris, who has a house near Newmarket and never misses a meeting, was with Major Tom Milner and Capt. Loraine-Smith. They were all having a discussion over their catalogues



Mrs. F. M. Broomfield was listening to Mr. Edward Bee during the first day of the Sales



Lord Manton, who has been in the Household Cavalry during the war, has owned several good horses. He and Lady Manton were chatting to Major D. F. Nicholl



Lady Acton is seen with her young family in the garden of Aldenham Park, Salop, Shropshire, the country seat of her husband, Lord Acton, who is serving overseas. Lady Acton was the Hon. Daphne Strutt before her marriage, and is the daughter of Lord Rayleigh. Lord and Lady Acton's four children are called Peline, John, Richard and Catherine

Families in the Country

Photographs by Compton Collier



Mrs. David Hodges and Mrs. Henry Cavendish, who are sisters, are seen with their sons, Eddy Hodges (left) and Billum Cavendish, and were photographed at their aunt Mrs. Rhodes Moorhouse's historic home, Mortham Tower, Barnard Castle. Mrs. Hodges (left) is the wife of Lt.-Col. David Hodges, M.B.E., R.A., the son of Admiral Sir Michael Hodges. Mrs. Cavendish's husband, S/Ldr. Henry Cavendish, was one of the first members of 601 Squadron, which was the first auxiliary squadron formed before the war



Prince and Princess John Bryant Digby de Mahé were photographed with their two children under the trees in their lovely garden. Prince de Mahé, who is a Lieutenant-Commander in the Fleet Air Arm, R.N.V.R., married in 1931 Miss Isolde Guinness, one of the four daughters of Mr. Henry Seymour Guinness, whose home is at Broadwater House, Tunbridge Wells

Priscilla in Paris

The Streets are Gay Again

DO.A.H. The Boulevard des Capucines, between the church of la Madeleine and the Place de l'Opéra, has become an Everyman's fair ground. This has always been a busy spot and there have always been the newspaper kiosks, drab enough during Occupation, but now gay once more with French illustrated weeklies and flaming posters. Here and there, one often saw itinerant vendors of souvenirs, of scarves, of multi-coloured handkerchiefs, and of postcards—proper and otherwise—who kept their weather-eye open and vanished mysteriously whenever a flic appeared in sight; but now, on every other yard of pavement, booths and tables have been set out with the full permission of all the Powers-that-be; there are even lottery stalls where one may spin the wheel and win anything—or, more frequently, nothing—from a tricolor paper rosette to a bottle of sweet champagne.

Outside "Rainbow Corner," where the Yanks on leave forgather, the crowd is thickest. On every bench, under every tree, one finds a short-skirted, fuzzy-headed, pretty little wench with her basket of "souvenirs." Gilt Eiffel Towers, tinsel jewellery, flags of all nations linked together to form bracelets or watch-chains, tiny plaster models of the Invalides and the Arc de Triomphe, and a dozen other hideosities that sell as extra bread tickets did during Occupation. Round each pretty girl and round every table there is a jostling, joking crowd of men in khaki, all apparently eager to get rid of the cash they were unable to spend in Germany; this can be done quickly if one may judge from the prices they pay for the gilded rubbish that will give the folks at home "an extremely poor idea of le gout Parisien!" They are like schoolboys forming a tuck-shop, these lads on leave; makes one feel gay and young only to see them and hear their laughter. How dull and strange Paris will seem when khaki vanishes from its streets.

The Avenue des Champs Elysées is as crowded as the boulevards, and the tables outside Bouquet's, the Triomphe or the Select stretch far beyond their normal limit on the sidewalk. Even the smallest cafés do a roaring trade et avec quoi? Poor beer (so my friends tell me), synthetic orange and lemonade, curiously flavoured water-ices (there is no cream, and eggs are rare) and strange brews that pass as tea or coffee. There is a certain amount of vainglorious blank or roodge, various weird aperitifs and plenty of champagne, but 'ware the price, soldier, 'ware the price! To get happy on champagne will cost you almost as much as to fraternise with a German girl! Sixty-five dollars, soldier, whether dry, sweet, dark or fair.

You will gather rightly from all this that Paris streets are as gay as they used to be in the days of old, when Carnaval was fêted with confetti and streamers, and one simply had to be seen on the merry-go-rounds at the Neuilly Fair on Friday evenings. The night clubs, theatres, music-halls and cabarets are crowded, I am told, but I have not yet had time to spend a whole evening on going gay; not even to see our beloved Françoise Rosay in the new revue at the A.B.C. Theatre, where she received such an enthusiastic, loving and deserved reception from an audience that stood on its hind legs and

cheered. There are still so many victims of the horror camps, so many unfortunate D.P.s to transport from train to sorting centre, from centre to hospital, from hospital to train again, and often, by road, to far-distant towns and villages.

Have you ever been into the T.B. ward of a big hospital at dawn when most of the men are still sleeping . . . to fetch a boy who is to be taken home to die? No matter how quietly one walks they all wake up and follow one's every movement with shining eyes full of longing. How they envy the comrade who is moving on. No one who has seen those rows and rows of beds will ever forget the sight. The men are so emaciated that one has the impression that the sheet covering them is stretched over a wooden frame topped by a wax dummy head out of which glass eyes stare and stare and stare.

The sultry nights have been frequent lately, and despite the clean bed-linen and open windows, the atmosphere is terrible, and one longs to see all these old hospitals brought up to date and given modern methods of ventilation—another little sideline showing the damnableness of war!

The boy we were fetching smiled gratefully at us as we helped the overworked night nurse dress him. His smile showed a dark gap in the young, drawn face. One of the guards at his prison camp had been, in private life, a medical student studying dentistry, and every morning, to keep his hand in, he pulled out one of the boy's teeth. May the fates ordain that such a man die a lingering and atrocious death.

Since writing the above I have to alter my statement that I have not yet spent an evening at the theatre. I was called away to see the play presented by the U.S. Camp Show at the theatre Sarah Bernhardt. It was *Love in Idleness*, acted by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. I had never before seen that marvellous couple. Imagine my pleasure. During Occupation the theatre was renamed by the Occupants "Théâtre de la Cité," the Teutonic mind refusing to allow a theatre to be named after a Jewess. To find myself once more in that famous old-fashioned playhouse was in itself



Bastille Day in Paris

Paris held its first official Bastille Day celebrations for six years on July 14th, so commemorating the 156th anniversary of the storming of the Bastille, and General de Gaulle took the salute at a parade. The Bey of Tunis (centre), with General Koenig, is seen saluting the Guard of Honour

a joy. The heavy canvas curtain, painted to represent opulent draperies, the massive gilt proscenium, the ornate decorations. . . . I was again a ten-year-old child enjoying the unforgettable thrill of seeing la divine Sarah create "L'Aiglon"! I have no quarrel and feel no discontent with my old age that permits me to look back upon such pleasant memories.

The polished acting of Lunt and Fontanne needs no tribute from me. I looked, listened and purred with delight, and when, in the last act, Olivia suddenly unfurls *The Tatler* I nearly fell out of the stage-box with excitement. It was the first time in five years that I had seen that red-coated gentleman, and how I longed to reach out and grab. It was the last night of the run, and I nearly went round to the stage-door to ask if I might have the copy, but it was last-Metro hour, and, after a long day, I did not feel like walking home; besides, surely paper restrictions will soon be lifted and we shall see him on the bookstalls again.—PRISCILLA.



The Premier and His Family Enjoy Last Moments of Their Holiday at Hendaye

Comfortably clad in beach attire, Mrs. Churchill and her daughter, Mary, spent a few peaceful moments reading the papers and enjoying the sunshine



The Premier and Mrs. Churchill were caught by a keen camera-man, during a walk on the sands just before Mr. Churchill left for the Big Three Conference

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Unceremonials

THE following pleasant letter arrives to me from Mr. Kenneth Nicolson under date Calcutta, May 29th, which tells me that the City of Palaces was then a colourable imitation of Gehenna. The heat is at its wickedest in those weeks just before the rains. Mr. Nicolson has the proud distinction of being the senior surviving member of a band of brothers, whose club-house was, in my time, "Golightly Hall," in Russell Street, in the great city, and was one of the great consolations to be found in the Land of Sighs. Here is the letter:

In your article dated March 21st, 1945, in your reference to the late Sir Cecil Graham, I see that you speculate as to the survival to the present day of "The Unceremonials" of Calcutta and "The Black Hearts" in Simla. Off-hand I cannot tell you about the latter, although no doubt I could find out. "The Unceremonials," however, of which, through the effluxion of time alas, I am now the senior member, is still in existence. Actually, the Club has been in "cold storage" since the beginning of the war, the majority of its limited membership being on service, but we were flourishing up to 1939, and hope to be so again once the Jap has been



D. R. Stuart

The Oxford University Swimming Team Has Had a Successful Season

This team has beaten the Guy's Hospital team, Woolwich, London University, and the R.A.A.F. during the past term. Standing are J. E. Forbes, R. Kelly-Wiseman, G. C. Rittson-Thomas, P. L. Crill, L. Kremer, J. A. Crawshaw and G. I. Rose. Sitting are J. D. Tomlinson, D. G. Bennett (Secretary), R. E. Dodd, J. C. Stebbings (captain), Mr. F. M. Brewer (treasurer), D. L. Donne and R. C. Crichton

disposed of. The Club records are under lock and key (and the Hon. Secretary, on service, has got the key!), but from memory I think I can confirm your belief that Mr. Charles Moore and Mr. H. N. Gladstone were both founder members.

One ought, of course, to say something about *Eheu fugaces . . . labuntur anni—nec pietas moram*, for Charles Moore was a good classic—a product of pre-Warre Eton and a pupil (I am almost certain) of one Jimmy Joynes, who so thoroughly believed in the Greek verb *tupto*; but he did turn out a few who never forgot their Homer, their Aristophanes (no relation of Arrigraham) and their Euripides!

As to the "Black Hearts," I have before me a sprig of "rosemary" which one of them kindly sent me many years after I had left the Land of Regrets—an invitation to one of their symposia.

Hippodromania

DID we see anything at the Newmarket First July that ought to make us change our minds about the Leger? I think that the answer must be a most emphatic negative. If Sweet Cygnet or Minette were engaged, we might have to think whether either of them would be a better place bet than Midas, but it seems to me that the only thing that that 1-mile Falmouth Stakes told us is that Naishapur is not as good as her performance in the Oaks against Sun Stream made some people think she might be. Nevertheless, her Leger price shortened and is now only 10 to 1. Personally, I do not think that that is very generous odds after the sound drubbing Sweet Cygnet gave her. Naishapur started at 7 to 2 on, and never looked to have a winning chance. It was only a mile, it is true, and Naishapur likes it longer. I am sure that she ought to have won the Oaks, but even if she had, would that have made her a "possible" against Dante, who won the faster-run Derby (4 3/5ths secs. faster on the same going) practically running away? The facts say "No!" Then Rising Light. He won that 1 1/2-mile as he liked, and was not pressed for time, for neither Blue Smoke nor Wayside Inn could extend him. If His Majesty could win his first Classic with this nice Hyperion colt, 99 9/10ths of the lieges of the Realm would be overjoyed. He is trained by a very Sure Hand: his dam is by Manna; and they know that he can stay and is as honest as the daylight. The Ringmen say that he has a 25-to-1 chance. He ran fourth in the Derby; he might easily improve upon that in the Leger. At the moment there is no special place betting on the race, but I think a quarter the odds his present price might not be unremunerative. I am not an admirer of Chamossaire—but they gallop in all shapes. Neither he nor anything



Cricketing Personalities Who Took Part in Various Matches Around the Countryside

At Eton, Major B. G. D. Rudd, the Olympic runner and cricketer, played against his second son, Robin, who is Eton's strongest bowler this year. Robin Rudd also represents the School in the Half and Quarter Miles

R. S. Ellis, of South Australia, and Captain A. G. Cheetham, of New South Wales, are two visitors from the Empire. R. S. Ellis is one of those left-arm googly bowlers we heard so much about in pre-war days

Geoffrey Moore is captain of the Buccaneers who tour the country playing Public School and other elevens. With him here is R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, the old Oxford Blue, one of their principal bowlers

Sir Pelham Warner, who played his first Test in 1899 and captained two teams in Australia and one in South Africa, is one of England's Selectors. He was photographed at Lord's with Major R. Aird, secretary of the M.C.C.

D. R. Stuart

else could have beaten Dante on Derby Day, and any hard-luck stories are best disregarded. High Peak? Would you back him again after the Bottisham Stakes (1 mile), coming on top of the Derby? If you would, you are much more confiding than I am.

Mustard with Lambe

IN the Navy it is almost an order to eat mustard with your mutton, and this would seem to cover the sheep of any age. The gallant officer who commanded H.M.S. *Illustrious* in the Sakishima operations—ships v. land-based 'planes and fortress guns—and who gave us such a vivid picture of them, first demonstrated his hard-hitting qualities in a much more peaceful field, namely, when he was the No. 2 of that now immortal Royal Navy polo team which was so unlucky not to win the Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham in 1936. Just after the fifth chukker started, the Navy were leading the 12th Lancers 4 to 1. Then Lt./Cdr. E. G. Heywood-Lonsdale (now probably a captain), the R.N. No. 1, had a bone in his leg broken in a collision with one of the 12th, but carried on. This meant three men against four, and the highly efficient 12th Lancer back (Horsburgh-

Porter) was left unmarked. Result, 6 to 4. It might easily have been 6 or 7 to 1 the other way, for the Navy had their opponents held just as securely as they had the Bays in the semi-final. Captain Lambe was in the thick of the fight all the way. The skipper of this Royal Navy team—Lord Louis Mountbatten—was, incidentally, appointed to *Illustrious* after his previous ship, the destroyer *Kelly*, was sunk under him in that disastrous action off Crete, when the enemy 'planes had such a picnic, for we had no air cover. So *Illustrious* now has had two captains who have well lived up to her name, and both units of the same polo team. The only other officer in that team so far not here mentioned was Major Robert Neville, Royal Marines, the back, who, like the rest of them, played like two men. He is now, I expect, the equivalent in the Jollies of a full General. One more noteworthy fact: this 1936 R.N. polo team was identically the same as that in the Inter-Regimental of 1930 and 1931.

Yo! Ho! Ho!

ALL this talk about the Navy has brought it back! The rest was not a bottle, and there was no chest belonging to any dead man, but

an honest to goodness tot of Navy rum, after many other things, including a suicide raid on the gun-room mess in that gallant old *Warspite*. The seafaring experience came about because it was considered desirable by the Powers as Be at that time that the Press of the Empire should be invited to tell Germany that the British Navy was not at the bottom of the sea. Those nice young sea-lions in the Snotties' mess, I am certain, hoped that we should have to be hoisted inboard by a breeches-buoy when we got to the *Iron Duke*, where we were due for lunch, after at least three more calls, *New Zealand*, battle cruiser, *Australia*, cruiser, *Renown*, battle cruiser, plus two destroyers and a submarine. The memory of that dark-red potion in an out-size claret glass in that gun-room is one of those indelible things that all the salt water in the sea could not wash out. All those charming young officers, I believe (and hope), have since become Admirals, and if they have not, they deserve to have done so. The breeches-buoy was not necessary. I still treasure the table plan of that lunch, during the second half of which I sat next to the Little Admiral. It is one of life's unforgettable moments.



A Few of the Spectators at the Phoenix Park Race Meeting

Poole, Dublin

Mr. Cecil Lavery, Ireland's leading K.C., was with Lady Esmonde, the wife of Sir John Esmonde, another well-known Irish K.C.

Two sisters who came together were Viscountess Jocelyn and Mrs. Robinson. Lieut.-Cdr. Viscount Jocelyn, R.N., is the son and heir of the Earl of Roden

Capt. Charles V. O'Reilly, 23rd Hussars, escorted Mrs. O'Reilly. He is a nephew of Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and has just returned from Germany



More Irish Racegoers Photographed on the Course Between the Races

Poole, Dublin

Mrs. Fitzgerald, widow of the late Mr. Wilfred Fitzgerald and mother of Sir Anthony Weldon by a previous marriage, walked through the Enclosure with one of her daughters-in-law, Mrs. Tommy Wellon

Mrs. Edward Jury was with her son, Capt. P. C. C. Jury. They met an old friend in Mrs. Evelyn Shirley, the wife of Col. Evelyn Shirley, who is a member of the newly-formed Irish Racing Board

Lady Ian Stewart-Richardson went through her card with Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Vernon. Lady Stewart-Richardson married last year; she is the daughter of Mr. Claude Odum, of Naas, Co. Kildare

Ambassadors of Fashion

The Guild of British Creative Designers
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British designers have not been idle these past few years. In spite of every possible difficulty from austerity regulations to acute shortage of labour, they have been continuously at work developing new ideas of detail, line and colour. Now at last it is possible for their "back-room" efforts to see the light of day—not, it is true, in the home market as yet, but in the great fashion markets of the world. Twelve leading designers of the British fashion industry, all members of The Guild of British Creative Designers, who believe that in this country we have assets which are internationally unbeatable—famous woollens, unrivalled Scottish tweeds and a world-wide reputation for good quality and finish—have produced a collection of clothes outstanding in its originality of design, its classic workmanship and its subtly flattering line. To eyes tired of austerity, simplicity and all the essential innovations of a war-weary world, it is a heartening indication of the good things to come. The pictures on these pages will give you some idea of the fashions of the future



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

What Does One Say?

UNFORTUNATELY, reviewers and the publicity boys between them have debased the currency of praise. The audience at the Supersuperb Cinema notes, with a glazed and unhelpful eye, that the forthcoming attraction (showing next week; start queueing up now) will be heart-throbbing, nerve-racking, dizzyingly spectacular, and, in fact, unlike anything seen before. And it is beginning to be the same with publishers' advertisements or reviewers' praise. No one blames the publisher for trying to sell the book; nor the reviewer for signalising, by a barrage of superlatives, that he has succeeded in reading the book at all. But it makes things hard for any reviewer who is anxious to be just sincere and exact. Were I the first reviewer, writing in the dawn of a world in which words still had their innocence and validity, I could, and I should, describe Frank Tilsley's *Jim Comes Home* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s.) as being a gripping human story. As things are, were I to do so, I could but appear satirical. Strictly, this story did grip—I might almost say kidnap—me: while I read. (and I did not easily stop). I lived, only, the life existing inside its covers. I smelled the Worsley family's non-stop toast on the gas-grill; I saw the damp, flat suburban fields outside their front windows, still in the mysterious dark of a winter morning, at the breakfast-hour taking-down of the black-out. This is a story about human beings engaged in the full-time occupation of being human. It is very *much* a story, because so many things happen—all small things, but all of them mounting up into something big.

I have already had occasion to say I think Mr. Tilsley a very good writer. *What's in it for Walter and Pleasure Beach* have been reviewed in these pages in my time. The first was about a piano marathon at a holiday camp; the second about a week in a fun-fair town. *Jim Comes Home* is about Jim Worsley coming home on leave. He outstays his leave (which had been anyhow, as he had reason to know, cancelled) by nearly a fortnight, for reasons shown.

The Right and the Wrong of It

JIM is thirty-eight years old, an electrician by trade, the husband of a wife and the father of a family. He could have got himself reserved, but preferred to join the Army. Since doing so, he has seldom ceased to regret his decision. He has not, so far, so much as smelled action, having been, on account of his former trade, stuck with a Technical Corps somewhere in Scotland. In the first place, he joined the Army because, all through his boyhood, he had been got down by elder brothers who had been in the last war, and did not allow him to forget it; this war offered the chance of getting even with them. It is typical of

Jim to have done the right thing for the wrong reasons. It is equally typical of him that—as we see happening throughout the story—he should do the wrong thing for the right reasons.

Mr. Tilsley is probably the most anti-heroic novelist that we have. Physically speaking, he is a realist—as I have said, he makes toast-smells rise from the printed page; and if you do not know by the end of a chapter in Jim's company exactly the way his hair grows and how he would use his hands, I shall be surprised. Long before the aggravatingly prosperous Mrs. Brady had noted that Stella's lipstick was wrong with her complexion, I could have told you Stella would not have lipstick-sense. But Mr. Tilsley's realism goes deeper. He breaks up all the conventions about people—about patriotism, about family life—and shows the motives, the anxieties, the remorse and the idiotic compensatory day-dreams running about like ants inside each individual brain. At the same time—indeed, I might say for this reason—he shows that the brain is not really much good. You get nowhere by rationalising your conduct. Puzzled by this fact, his men and women—who are never by any means stupid—do not know what is the matter with them. The matter with them is, their souls. Twisting, turning, abandoning position after position, kidding themselves and fibbing to one another, they act, in the end, as they had not seen themselves acting; they are face to face, in the end, with what they cannot escape—their own involuntary nobility.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I WISH I could resurrect my grandmother and take her to a cocktail-party. One of those cocktail-parties, I mean, in which everybody calls everybody else "Darling," roars with laughter without provocation and talks incessantly at the top of their voices without ever saying anything worth listening to: where men treat women on a strictly smoke-room equality and women are indifferent to their brains short-circuiting so long as their legs are elongated.

I don't think, somehow, that my grandmother would last long in her transmutation from a ghost; after the first five minutes, smelling-salts would come into their own again. But in the meanwhile, and between faints, she would stare into vacancy, happily prostrated by the 'orrs!

Surely, she would think, to every man present "dear Papa" would have shown the door, and certainly every woman must be destined one day to return home in a snowstorm, carrying something in a shawl. Indeed, I am the more convinced of this by reading a number of novels describing life in the mid-nineteenth century.

What a social and moral re-orientation has taken place since those days. Yet, actually, I believe, these modern days are considerably duller. Anybody doing most anything and nobody minding a bit. What could possibly be less exciting?

There were no cocktail-parties in grandmother's time, nor public "necking"

By Richard King

parks, nor wholesale divorces carried through without one moral or social tremor; nor mixed bathing, nor bare legs, nor co-education, nor, apparently, the least respect for youth as youth. All more matey in these days, of course. Less hypocritical. More in *puris naturalibus*. But duller—much duller. Like members of a Nudist Colony who have been penned-up in the same camp for years.

In the Victorian era, youth had to watch its step all the time. One defiant move and father went off the deep end and mother wept copiously to see him go. Mrs. Grundy walked in the shadow of every woman and made a third polka with the same man as good as a proposal of marriage or much, much worse. Women knew how to faint and strong men how to weep. The masses went wild on the least public provocation, and Sinatra would have had nothing on the local Temperance Band among the girls.

Heaven was real in those days. And so was hell. The Church pronounced and not merely preached. Funerals were spectacular and sorrow had its relentless code of behaviour. Sentimentality ran wild and people raked the Ashes of the Past and wallowed in its dust. How anybody can refer to it as stuffy, I can't imagine.

After all, the richness of life lies in the strength and variety of its emotions. One moment of liberty in the life of an escaping hen is worth an age in a tiger's freedom of the jungle.



S/Ldr. Alan Campbell Johnson, the Liberal candidate for Salisbury, is thirty-two, and as an author has made a name for himself as the biographer of Viscount Halifax and Anthony Eden. He was formerly on Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten's staff, but came home to fight the election. He is married, and his wife is an American by birth. They have one small daughter

Wisdom

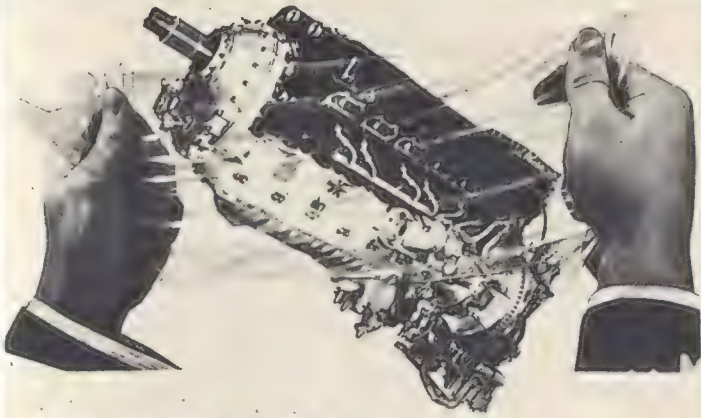
STELLA receives Jim home in a mixed mood: the children are wildly excited—she, of course, is glad. Anxious that this leave of his should go off well, she cannot but keep in view that no leave of his has so far done so. Jim is difficult: he is one of those men whom an inferiority complex makes extra bossy and loud. Habitually, in the home, he flies off the handle for no apparent reason. Stella thinks she is weak: when she makes a stand it is almost always about the wrong thing. She opines that her weakness makes Jim worse. He is generous, mean, warm-natured, sulky, childish and domineering—he can be hateful. So, of course, can she.

Jim is considerably more childish, and Stella considerably less clear-sighted, than are their two children. Roger, aged twelve, is bright, manly and straightforward; Pam, aged six, is pretty, vivacious and affectionate. I should have considered that modern fiction offered few openings for wholly admirable children. I can only tell you that Mr. Tilsley has got away with Roger and Pam. Incidentally, I should like to commend for its wisdom page 103; which revolves round the vexed question of what, how and when should children be told. . . . By and large, *Jim Comes Home*, the story of an overstayed leave, is a wise—nay, more, I will say an illuminating—book. It is not a comedy. It is something more than merely unsentimental: it presents the absolute inverse of sentimentality.

Colour

"STRANGE FRUIT," by Lillian Smith (Cresset Press; 9s. 6d.), is an American novel of disturbing originality and power. The scene is set in the small town of

(Concluded on page 122)



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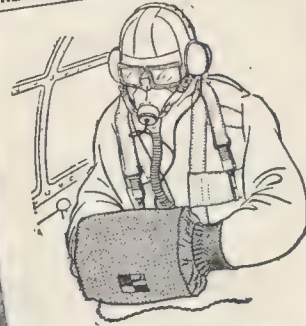
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I wonder if
WINDAK will
adapt this idea
for post-war
motoring?

You bet they will!

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 105)

were many little girls present who had come to see their brothers or friends. Lady Jane Nelson arrived with her two little daughters, Jennifer and Juliet, both dressed alike in pink cotton frocks. Major the Hon. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley brought his daughter, Tessa, and were escorted round to their seats by Gay Kindersley, who is growing very tall, like his father. Lady Congleton, in blue, was accompanied by one of her daughters and her younger son, the Hon. Christopher Parnell. Lord and Lady Cromwell were with their son, the Hon. David Bewicke-Copley. Lady Dashwood, looking very nice in a floral print, with a large black bonnet-shaped hat, arrived with her younger son, John, and three young friends, and Lord and Lady Ebury came together and were greeting many friends. Lord Ebury has only recently got back from Italy, where he has been serving for the past three years. Lady Ebury's eldest sister, Princess Aly Khan, is, I hear, expected home shortly from the Middle East with her two young sons, who are now seven and eight, and soon due to go to Ludgrove.

Family Parties

A FAMILY party I saw walking round together were Sir Cecil and Lady Newman with his younger sister, Miss Rosie Newman, and his younger son, John. Baroness Ravensdale, who had been working so hard for the very successful film premiere a few nights earlier in aid of St. Mary's Hospital rebuilding fund, when she raised nearly £3000, came down to spend the day with her young nephew, Michael Mosley. Mrs. Bowes Daly was there with her son, Dennis, who is at



Nicholas, Salop

Christening in Shropshire

The first child of Major and Mrs. Eade was christened Diana Mary by the Bishop of Lichfield at Wellington, in Shropshire. Mrs. Eade is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Meyrick, of Apley Castle, Wellington. (Above) The Bishop of Lichfield (Dr. Woods), Mary Marchioness of Abergavenny, Mr. Roland Meyrick, Mrs. Eade, Mrs. Charles Duff, Major Eade and Mrs. Roland Meyrick.

Eton, her sister, the Duchess of Buccleuch, her nephew, Lord Dalkeith (very smart in his naval uniform), and his sister, Lady Caroline Scott. Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden brought one of their little girls to spend the day with their son and heir, the Hon. William Smith. Capt. Tom Blackwell was spending the last day of his leave among some of his many friends before returning to the Guards Division in Germany; he had managed to fit the Gold Cup meeting at Ascot, the Bloodstock Sales and July Meeting at Newmarket, and the Eton and Harrow match into his ten days' leave! Others I saw were Lord Carnegie; Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark; young Nicholas Hollway, who had come over from Harrow with other young friends, and was joined by his mother, the Marchioness of Tavistock, and his stepbrother, little Lord Howland; and the Countess of Limerick, who was with her son and heir, Viscount Glentworth, and her younger son, the Hon. Michael Pery.

Women Owners Win

TWO women owners saw their colours first past the post at the last Windsor meeting. The first was Lady Cunliffe-Owen, who won the White Hart Plate with her nice grey filly My Choice, which was afterwards sold for 950 guineas; the second was the Countess of Dudley, who saw her filly Fair Profit win the last race comfortably by a length and a half from the favourite, Wildfell.

Apologies to F/O. M. Fawcus for mis-spelling his name in our issue of June 27th, page 394.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 120)

Maxwell, Georgia; and the story deals with the relations between white and coloured people. It begins with a love-affair between a white man—son of what could be called a prominent local family—and a coloured girl, who has been away to college but is a servant. It includes a murder, and it ends with a lynching. All the same, I think Miss Smith is right when she says, inside the wrapper, that *Strange Fruit* is, ultimately, "concerned with childhood. It is concerned [she says] with love and fear and hate and guilt; feelings that grow so early in each of us that no one quite remembers their beginning."

She says, further, that the characters in her book could have lived anywhere; that they merely happened to live in the Southern States of America. From a quite superficial reading, one might question this: the colour question seems the hinge of the plot. But, on looking closer, one sees what Miss Smith means. The colour problem is the immediate predicament in which the inhabitants of the small town of Maxwell— young men and girls, parents, employers and would-be decent citizens—are caught. The predicament is the legacy of 300 years; since Europeans, having installed themselves in America, imported Africans to be their slaves. But all over the world there are predicaments—some apparently small, some visibly great—which expose our weaknesses, our limited understanding, our fears of ourselves, of each other, and of the dark.

So *Strange Fruit* is more than a novel about the colour problem: it is a novel about our fatal incapacity to break with childish dreads and cope with life on the grown-up plane. For this reason, I think it should appeal more widely to English readers than others on its subject and of its kind have done. I must not disguise from you that it is a terrible book—not so much physically as spiritually terrible. The lynching happens "off," though that is quite bad enough. Somehow, the lynching hardly seems a greater offence against nature than does Tracy Deen's abandonment of Nonnie Anderson—an abandonment for which he pays with his life. And *Strange Fruit* holds another painfulness: that of conflict. Tracy—difficult, passionate, pliable—is such a figure of suffering that one is almost relieved when he meets his end. I do not think it is argued that Tracy suffers because he is in the grip of an impossible passion. He was born ill-adjusted: son of a well-meaning but brittle and timid father, and of a mother whose neurosis, from behind the façade of a Southern lady, dominates their home. Nonnie did not cause Tracy's suffering; rather, she, and she only, had the power to assuage, to calm and to heal it. . . . The atmosphere of this novel is, all things considered, remarkably unhysterical. I deplore, only, one or two tricks of Miss Smith's style. Her dialogue, here and there, is unusually, though justifiably, frank.

In Wales

"PARDON AND PEACE" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.) is the latest, and perhaps the finest, novel of Hilda Vaughan's. This author has been silent for longer than many of us have liked. Always her work has been admirable for its rendering, at once climatic and psychological, of her own country, Wales: at the same time she has never, in the constricted sense, been what is called a regional novelist. Her feminine susceptibility to atmosphere—be it that of a countryside, a house or a family—is controlled by a sort of masculine firmness; and she is masculine in her swift use of action. Her novels are never messy; they never sag. Some of them—such, notably, as *The Soldier and the Gentlewoman*—have shown a sort of Elizabethan ruthlessness.

That quality is, again, present in *Pardon and Peace*. At the same time we find, as never before, that lyrical beauty Miss Vaughan so well commands. For what is needed the pardon; after what comes the peace? An innocent, mutual first love is transformed by circumstance into a guilty passion. Mark Osbourne, by returning, at the end of the last war, to a certain Welsh village, manor-house and valley, exposes himself to the risks and agonies of attempting to recapture an interrupted dream. Here, wandering as an art student in the summer of 1914, he had seen the young girl who was Flora Teowain, the squire's daughter, leaning over a gate. Half-way through the second meeting that held so much, the two had been torn apart by the news of war. Now, wounded in body and spirit, he has returned—to find Flora married. Out of pity, and believing Mark to be dead, she has become the wife of her cousin, a war cripple.

Mark sees in Flora's husband a sort of dreadful parody of himself. Her life, once so full of promise, is now a futile sacrifice. Anything, everything, seems justified, to the lovers taking everything that they can. The path on which Mark and Flora have set their feet leads to tragedy: there is a violent climax, followed by expiation. . . . In the bombed London of 1940 the two again find each other; and find pardon and peace.

Unpromising Case

"DON'T OPEN THE DOOR," by Anthony Gilbert (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.), has an excellent opening—a young nurse arriving late in a totally fog-bound night, to take over a case in a large, silent Victorian villa. In the second half, I thought the book rather fell away: the identity of the criminal became apparent, and the story degenerated into a "thriller" chase, with the heroine's life at stake.

For the Children

VERSATILE James Thurber has written an enchanting story for children—*Many Moons* (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.). The Slobodkin illustrations are bright and dashing. Little girls may borrow a leaf from Princess Lenore's book: eat too many raspberry tarts, retire to bed sick and refuse to be well again till the moon is placed in your hands.



Not yet can we say that the glamour age has returned in full force, but, even so, it is now possible to obtain charm-enhancing articles such as good soap, floral-perfumed dusting powder, protective foundation, lipsticks in beautiful shades, and all-purpose creams; Helena Rubinstein makes these lovely things and they can be obtained from the best stores and chemists.

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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

AMAN, fishing at Kew, saw a bowler hat, brim downwards, apparently floating downstream. For fun he made a cast at it. To his surprise the bowler hat rose in the water, disclosing that it was being worn by another gentleman, who said: "Am I right for Westminster Bridge, chum?"

"O.K." replied the fisherman. "Straight on."

"Thanks," said the face, bobbing under water and leaving exposed only the bowler hat—which continued to move downstream.

It then occurred to the fisherman that he might have pointed out that Westminster Bridge was rather a long way, so he shouted: "It's a good many miles, you know."

Up popped the bowler hat and its owner answered: "That's all right, it won't take me long. I've got me bike."

THE doorkeeper hurried down the steps of the club to open the car door, and slipped and rolled down the last few steps.

The manager, who happened to be standing in the entrance, called out angrily, "For goodness' sake be more careful, can't you? They'll think you are a member."

Two professional heavy-weight boxers were booked to fight an important contest. Each man, secretly, had backed himself to lose.

After a time, one of the men accidentally hit his opponent a very light tap on the nose, whereupon the recipient of the blow lay down and let the referee start counting.

The other man could see himself winning the fight. However, just as the referee got to "seven," he had an idea. Rushing over to his prostrate opponent, he gave him a hearty kick.

Immediately he was disqualified.

Two medical stories from the U.S.:—
A third-year medical student was delivering unaided his first baby in one of the poorer sections of South Boston. As is the case in "home deliveries," most of the family were present.

As soon as the infant was born, the nervous student held it up for the customary spank. To his horror, the baby slipped through his fingers, falling harmlessly on to a pile of blankets on the floor.

The grandmother, who throughout the entire procedure had been sitting calmly by the kitchen stove, began to hurl a stream of abuse at the frightened young medico. Quickly recovering his wits, he said professionally: "He'll be all right, madam. Sometimes we have to drop 'em three times before they start breathing."

A PATIENT came to one of the field hospitals with the complaint that he was unable to sleep at night, and the doctor advised him to eat something before going to bed.

"But, doctor," the patient reminded him, "two months ago you told me never to eat anything before going to bed."

The good doctor blinked and then with professional dignity replied: "My boy, that was two months ago. Science has made enormous strides since then."

A HOLLYWOOD producer received a story entitled "The Optimist." He called his staff together and said: "Gentlemen, this title must be changed to something simpler. We're intelligent and know what an optimist is, but how many of those morons who'll see the picture are gonna know he's an eye-doctor?"



Freda Jackson, who is in the new play, "No Room at the Inn," at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, gives a terrific performance as the drunken, lecherous and sadistic woman who has five children from blitzed areas billeted on her. This very fine play is written by Joan Temple and produced by Anthony Hawtrey

THE dramatic critic started to leave in the middle of the second act of the play.

"Don't go now," said the manager. "I promise there's a terrific kick in the next act."

"Fine," was the retort, "give it to the author."

"I'm Major Blank, D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C.—to the G.O.C.-in-C. Who the devil are you?"

"Oh, I'm only the G.O.C.-in-C!"



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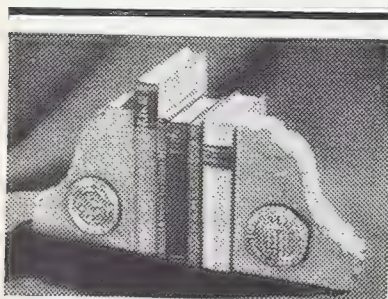
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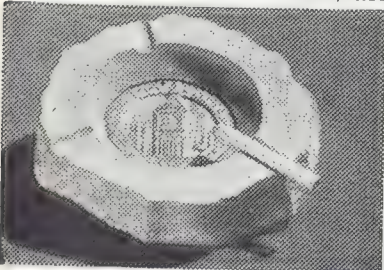
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Squadron Leader James Morgan, who was photographed on leaving the Palace after having been decorated with the D.S.O. by H.M. the King, is seen in a family party of his mother, wife and sister

Swallow Tails

WATCHING swallows and reading about earthworms the other day, I became aware that aviation would benefit if another Charles Darwin were to arise and to study the behaviour of swallows with the minute precision and scientific patience he employed in the study of earthworms. For in the light of the latest knowledge of high speed flight, as partly revealed by the Messerschmitt 163 rocket-driven fighter, the shape of the swallow, with its swept-back wings and finless and rudderless tail unit, may have a special significance.

The first thing to notice is that, without rudder or fin, the swallow is yet highly controllable. I was standing just inside a barn where swallows had made a nest. From high in the blue one of them came down on a steep aileron turn, saw me and went into a series of S-turns outside the door. Next it came right into the barn on a lovely 25-degree banked turn, decided further reconnaissance was needed, tilted suddenly on a wing tip and did a vertical turn at a radius of what I estimated to be about its own wing span. I mentally scaled up what I had seen and imagined a Spitfire coming down from ten thousand feet and then suddenly going into a vertical turn on a radius of about thirty or forty feet! And the swallow had done all this without fin or rudder.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Sweep Back

NOW the curious thing is that the sweep-back of the Messerschmitt 163 is now recognized as being a method of competing with compressibility (or the bow-wave effect which occurs at high speeds and holds up the machine). But with markedly swept-back wings, it is also possible to dispense with some of the tail unit. In the Messerschmitt 163 the part dispensed with is tail plane and elevator; but it is easy to visualize an aircraft with a tail without fin and rudder but with tail plane and elevator—or, in other words, with a tail resembling that of the swallow.

I do feel that we could learn much if we employed the high-speed camera to discover just how the swallow uses its tail when manoeuvring quickly. If someone spent eight or ten years on this job, we might find out how to make a large step forward in fundamental aircraft shape. One can sketch out an attractive-looking aircraft with swept-back wings, swept-back tail planes, but no rudder or elevator. Perhaps this will be the shape of aircraft to come.

Car Prices

USED motor car prices have soared and a lot of people are puzzling about whether they "ought" to sell their cars now. It is not out of the ordinary to get offered twice or even three times the new price for a 1939 motor car in good condition. Such offers are tempting; but the fact is that new car prices are such that one is not much better off if one does accept them. While taxation remains what it is today I cannot see large numbers of people rushing to buy new cars. The industry is going to have a difficult time on its sales side.

This has been pointed out by Sir Miles Thomas and other authorities. Mr. George W. Lucas said the other day that the buyer of a new 10 h.p. car had to face about £100 taxation in the first year. The rate of taxation has lost all touch with reason and realism. The motor car industry is told how much we depend upon it for our export trade, yet its market is artificially restricted by high taxation rates.

Air Mails

IT is a sad experience to contrast the pious aspirations of the British Commonwealth Air Transport Council which was sitting under the chairmanship of Lord Swinton in London lately, with the existing facts of air communications. Nothing is more pathetic than the air mail services. Services are started and stopped without any apparent reason; letters sent by air mail arrive after letters sent by surface transport; post offices are not properly informed of what is happening. Even between England and Switzerland there is no regular air mail service and a short time before I wrote these notes all transmission by this means from London to Geneva ceased. I feel that a lot more would happen in civil aviation if there were fewer councils and committees, fewer speeches and addresses and more freedom. There must be many people who want to start air services, but most of them are appalled by the formalities and the legalistic procedure.

Name

WHILE we wait for real flying, the least harmful kind of talk is that which has been going on about naming the London airport at Heath Row. This place was taken over as a military priority and it was not until some time after the requisitioning had been done that the public discovered that it was not really wanted for military purposes; but for commercial.

A few days ago the *Manchester Guardian* came out with what I thought to be the admirable suggestion that Heath Row should be named Roosevelt Airport, as a memorial to the late President Roosevelt. A "planter of trees," as he once signed himself, he did much for aviation and, in Britain, was certainly the most popular and most admired of all the great figures.

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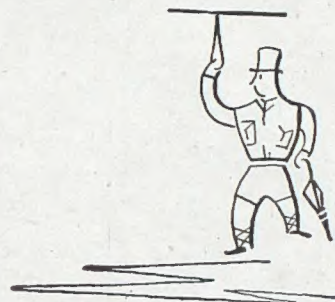
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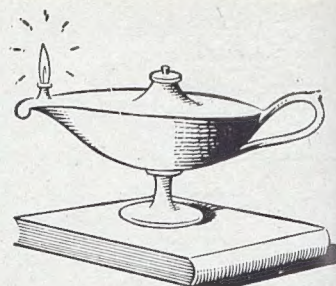
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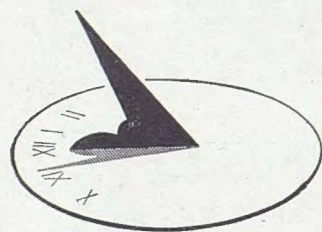
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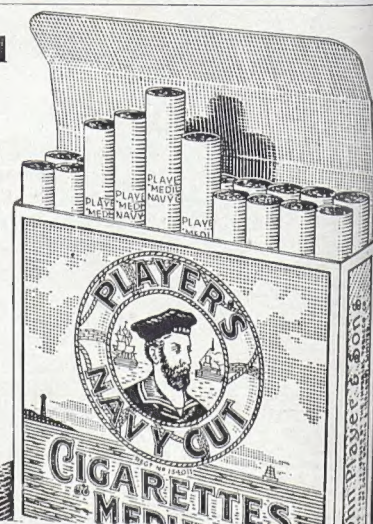
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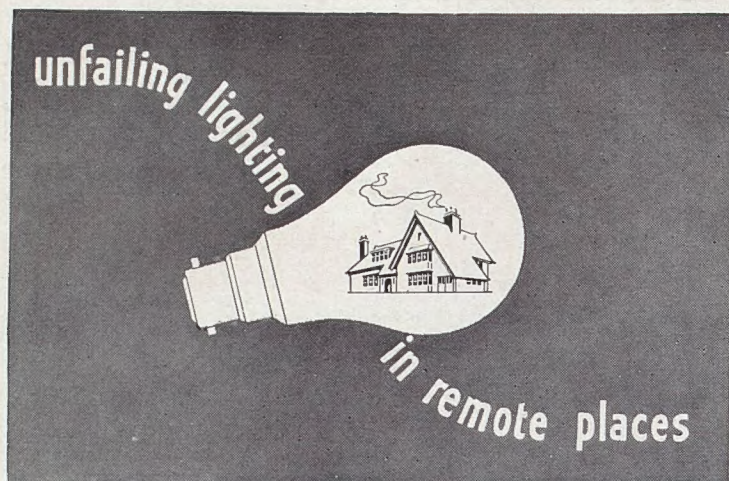
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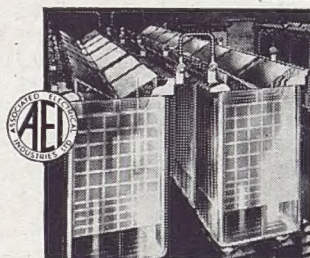


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